

Dec. 27, 1935

Louise.

Its strange that I should  
be so kind of afraid of you I guess  
its because I never got to  
know you very well. I thought  
possibly you would go out  
and intended to say something  
to you about it the night I  
brought the Cider over but  
was somewhat bashful I  
guess. I thought I would see  
you somewhere before this